

Funeral Poems

ON

- I. *Her late Majesty of blessed Memory.*
- II. *Late Arch-Bishop of Canterbury.*
- III. *Illustrious Duke of Ormond and Earl of Ossory.*
- IV. *Countess of Dorset.*
- V. *Consolatory Poem, &c.*

Together with

A POEM on the PROMOTION of
Several Eminent Persons, &c.

By *N. TATE*, Servant to His MAJESTY.

L O N D O N:

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Gift of
Charles Jackson
of Boston

TO HIS
Most Excellent MAJESTY
WILLIAM III.

O F

Great Britain, France *and* Ireland,
King, Defender of the Faith, &c.

S I R,

I Presum'd not to present Your Majesty with this Elegy when it was first written, and 'tis with Reluctance that I now mention the Mournful Occasion.

The Epistle Dedicatory.

The Consternation We then lay Under was Only to be supported by, *S I R*, Your own Invincible Spirit.

But no less Resolution was necessary when the Liberties of *Europe* were reduced to the last Extremity, and, her whole Fortune depended, under Heaven, upon Your Majesties Endeavours.

Your Majesty was not only Engaged in the noblest Cause that ever Champion appear'd for, but likewise Incumbred with greatest Difficulties both at Home and Abroad.

Such Difficulties as requir'd the most Consummate Qualities of a Prince

The Epistle Dedicatory.

Prince and Hero, the utmost Efforts of Conduct, Fortitude and Industry ; And, after all These, the peculiar Protection, Blessing, and Favour of Providence ; which have been Miraculously exerted in Your Majesty's Preservation.

Your glorious Adventures and Management have, *SIR*, produc'd an honorable and advantageous *P E A C E* ; which All *Europe* must Esteem a Happiness, if only upon Account of the Dangers to which Your Sacred Person was expos'd in War.

Neither does the Publick Benefit and Usefulness of Heroick and virtuous Monarchs determine with the Business of the Field ; The Greatness of their Souls exerts it self as gloriously in the Dispensation of peaceable Government :

The Epistle Dedicatory.

vernment: By promoting advantageous Laws, and above All, by Advancement of Religion and Piety.

Your Majesty's exemplary Zeal on these Occasions have procur'd You the Applause of Men and Angels.

The happy Success of Your Majesty's pious Intentions are not only the Prayer, but certain Expectation of all good Men, and will endear Your Name to Posterity, beyond even Your Own Heroick Adventures and Performances.

SIR,

The Epistle Dedicatory.

S I R,

I acknowledge my Presumption in this Address, but cast my self upon that Clemency which You are pleas'd to dispense even to the meanest of Your Subjects, and therefore not to be despair'd of, by

Your Majesty's

Most dutiful

Humble Servant,

N. Tate.

The Gentle Doctor

I acknowledge my Prescription in
the name of the Lord and in the
name of the Father and of the
Holy Spirit even to the intent of
the Lord and therefore not to be
bound by it

Your Majesty's

Majesty's

Humble Servant

M. Talc

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M A R Y S O L E M.

A

Funeral Poem

On Our Late Gracious Sovereign

Queen M A R Y,

Of Blessed Memory.

SEE where the Royal* Shrine erected high,*^{The Mausoleum in Westminster Abbey.}
 Threatning the Temple's Roof, as
 (That the Sky;

With Starry Lamps and Banners blazing round,

And all the Pageantry of Death is crown'd.

For ah ! with flatt'ring Pride and Triumph vain,

Those Pyramids the dazzling Pomp sustain ;

While High in State their glitt'ring Trophies Rise,

Low, at their Basis, Britain's Glory lies.

B

Not

Nor Sleep those blest Remains, in Dead of Night,
 Watcht only by unactive Tapers Light,
 For thronging Seraphs, from Cœlestial Bowr's,
 Descend to strew the Royal Hearse with Flow'rs;
 What Sov'reign Odour from that Mixture springs,
 Fann'd and Sublim'd by hov'ring Angels Wings!

These Rites perform'd, th' *Ethereal* Troops re-
 (sign
 To Forms Divine as Their's, the Royal Shrine.

For lo ! four Matrons, deep in Sables clad,
 (Of Solemn Mien, and Aspect Charming sad)
 Advance ; with each Her Ensigns waving high,
 The Emblems of Her Pow'r, or Piety.

August *BRITANNIA* the Procession leads ;
 In State the *BELGIAN* Matron Her succeeds.
BRITANNIA's Train, in Grandure of a Court,
 Her Globe, Her Scepter, and Her Crown support.

BATAVIA

BATAVIA with Her own Escutcheon grac't,
Where Lions Rampant grasp Her Arrows fast.

* *Eusebia* next appears, in Pomp divine, Church of
England.

See how Her Mitre, and Her Crosier shine!

* *Irene* brings the Rear, —but She, forlorn! *Protestant
Church of
France.

No Badge but of Distress before Her born.

A Wreath of *Lillies* Her sad Herald wore,

But *Lillies* Crimson'd in Her Off-spring's Gore!

Now to their sundry Stations they disperse,
The high-arch'd Inlets to the Sov'reign Hearse;

Where solemnly each Matron takes her Stand,

With each a fuming Censer in her Hand.

All Mute a while, with awful Sorrow strook,

Till *Belgia* thus in troubled Accents spoke.

Ah how transform'd from what I was of late!

How blest, ye Pow'rs, how prosperous was my State!

My flourishing Towns with Pleasure I survey'd,
 The World's great Mart and Seat of Commerce made;
 Cov'ring with floating Colonies the Main,
 While *Gallick* Rage at Home I could sustain;
 Visit both Poles, to Spicy Climates run,
 And spread my Naval Wings before the rising Sun

No more can populous Towns, or swelling Seas,
 The stronger Deluge of my Grief appease,
 My Spicy *Eastern* Groves no longer please.
 Matrons sad Vigils through my Cities keep,
 With streaming Tears my Sailors swell the Deep
 There *Tritons*, started from their Coral Cells,
 Rang'd on the Rocks, to *Dirges* tune their Shells:
 On sep'rate Cliffs their pensive *Nereids* sit,
 No chearful Song or am'rous Glance admit;
 No more with Pearl and Amber deck their Head,
 But Mourn, forlorn, their *Amphitrite* Dead,
 From Dawn to Dusk, and weep the Stars to Bed

Ye Winds, that waft my freighted Fleets away
 Neglect your Charge ; let useless Traffick stay
 Till you to *Java's* Isle my Sighs convey.
 Fate's Triumph over Nature there proclaim,
 And say, *MARIA's* nothing but a Name !
 A Hearse, an Urn, as Vulgar Mortals are ;
 To Earth no more, —but to the Skies a *Star*.

She said——*IRENE* next her Complaints address,
 Complaints, which her Looks too sensibly express :
 (An Exile from her Native Shore she fled,
 By Innocence and Mourning Angels led)
 A pearly Show'r Her fairer Face bedews,
 While Thus, what Passion dictates, She pursues.

Instruct me, Grief, unable to sustain
 Thy pressing Weight ; to whom shall I Complain ?
 To Earth or Skies ? --- 'Tis they that have Engross'd.
 'Tis they that share the Treasure I have lost.

To Seas? — There *Thetis* Comfortless appears,
 And for *Her Self* reserves the Ocean's Tears.
 To gentle Winds and Air if I Complain,
 They can but Sigh, and Sigh like me in Vain!
 Nature Replies, when her Relief I try,
 That She has lost, and grieves as much as I.
 Or would I to *MARIA's* self Address,
 (The Royal Refuge of my past Distress)
 The Queen of Pity I no longer find
 Enthron'd, but here (ah! fatal Change) Enshrin'd
 High rapt in heav'n'y Bow'rs Her Soul remains,
 Her breathless Reliques a deaf Tomb contains.

Ye happier Rivals in our Common Grief!
 You Mourn, but not like me, without Relief.
Britain and *Belgia* through the Main can roam,
 Enrich'd with Treasures of Both *Indies* come,
 And, like an Altar, deck *MARIA's* Tomb.

Her Hierarchy does fair *Eusebia* bless,
 Secure She does Her sacred Rights possess,
 And stores of grateful Incense can address.
 What Tribute to Her Ashes can I give,
 Who only did by Her Indulgence live ?
 A Wretche's last Reserve I will bestow,
 My Tears---but see---They, uncommanded, flow !
 Like Weeping *Niobe's* their Steams renew :
 O that, like Her, I could turn Marble too !

She ceas'd——*EUSEBIA* then her Starry Head
 With mournful Grace unveil'd, and, sighing, said.

If Strangers can such deep Concern express,
 What Accents will suffice for my Distress !
 Of these Remains can I sustain the Sight,
 Who claim a Subject's and a Daughter's Right ;
 Nurs'd with her warmest Beams, whose Lustre fill'd
 My Front with Stars, and did my Mitre gild.

Eve, new created, no such Pleasure took
 Her own bright Form discov'ring in the Brook;
 And, wherefoe're Her raviſh'd Eyes She threw,
 Still to have blooming Paradife in View.
 So I at my own Happineſe admir'd —
 Ah where are now thoſe golden Dreams retir'd?
 Their faint Idea my ſick Thought employs,
 A cold Remembrance of departed Joys.

As Ship-wreckt Mariners, on ſome bleak Shoar,
 The Riches of their perſh'd Freight deplore,
 Let me, the Treſure I have loſt, declare,
 Too vaſt for Time and Nature to Repair.

Be huſht ye Winds, ye Skies ſerene and clear,
 No lowring Cloud or angry Wave appear,
 While my *MARIA*'s Virtues I recite:
 O were my Language like Her Virtues, Bright
 The Charming Sounds wou'd Gueſts from Hea'vn
 (invite.

Heav'n

Heav'n wou'd be Here, and with Immortal Lays,]
My self a *Seraph*, while I Sung her Praise.

What ancient Poets did, inspir'd, aver
Of *Female* worth, was *Prophecy* of Her ;
And what their Age by Revelation saw,
Posterity must from Her Story draw.

Her Breast each cent'ring Excellence cou'd boast,
The scatter'd Virtues of Her Sex engrost ;
Nor did those Beams on Her refracted Fall,
She All posselt, and in Perfection All.
Cou'd Majesty and Mildness reconcile,
Hold Sov'raign Awe, yet on Her Subjects smile.

Nor only Calm, but Constant was Her Mind,
Fix'd as the Centre to Earth's Globe assign'd :
A Fortress which the Fates in vain assail'd,
And where the baffled King of Terrors fail'd.

Chearful

Chearful as Angels, or the Springing Day
 That tunes the Groves, and makes the Meadows gay
 For blameless Mirth Heaven's Off-spring is confest,
 And Heav'n was ever in *MARIA*'s Breast.

Her Words and Actions, all exactly weigh'd
 In Reason's Scale, and by Discretious sway'd,
 Alike from Prejudice and Passion free,
 Henceforth of Prudence shall the *Standard* be,

Let Heav'n (with Heav'n the correspondence held
 Say how my Saint in Piety excell'd.
 Its sinking Empire how She did support,
 And to a Sanctu'ry reform'd a Court.
 Say, how Her bright Example cou'd disarm
 Establish'd Vice, and make Religion Charm.
 What frequent Visits to my Temple pay,
 And there Instruct Devotion how to Pray :

Where

Where thronging Cherubs did Her Zeal attend,
 Ambitious who should with Her Vows ascend,
 But Charity, Her Souls essential Grace,
 In tend'rest Strokes was pictur'd in Her Face,
 Who like an Angel cou'd at Suff'rings melt,
 Condole the Mis'ry She had never felt.
 Reliev'd, till Royal Bounty She had drein'd,
 Then with Her Tearsth'exhausted Store maintain'd,
 Kind as the Pelican, in Times of Need,
 When for Her craving Off-spring She does bleed.

Such was my Sov'reign! Such, and yet expir'd!
 To Earth so needful, yet from Earth retir'd.
 Yet see! No wreck of Elements is found;
 Time journeys on, and Nature keeps her Round:
 Our Vales may bloom again, our Groves be green,
 No more the Goddess of the Spring be seen!

She's

She's fled ! Divine *MARIA*'s vanish hence,
 And sleeps with Queens of common Providence.
 Like Them, She has to Fate resign'd Her Breath ;
 O Triumph of the Grave ! O Pomp of Death !
 With Her entomb'd——
 Youth, Beauty, Vertue, their Interment have,
 O Pomp of Death ! O Tryumph of the Grave !

Yet Tyrants live, ah ! What can Reason say ?
 They keep their Thrones, who Iron Scepters sway,
 Support me Faith ; if Faith too feeble be,
 Support my Faith *MARIA*'s Piety.

She pauz'd, and wept.

BRITANNIA, tho' with equal Grief oppress'd
 Majestick, thus her Orisons address.

Hail Saint and Queen,--- too weak alas that Style
 Hail Heroin and Goddess of our Isle !

My *Pallas*, who cou'd absent *Mars* supply ;
 And, *Jove* withdrawn, like *Juno* rule the Sky.

Empire She priz'd not, tho' to Empire born,
 Nor sought the Pow'r She cou'd so well adorn :
 Yet held Her Brittish Throne securely calm,
 As *Deborah* within her Grove of Palm ;
 From whose orac'lous Shade she did prescribe,
 And Audience gave to each consulting Tribe,
 My *Regent* with such Grandeur, such Address,
 In Councel sway'd ; and prest with last Distress,
 Like Her, Spoke Victory, and Look'd Success. }
 In publick Storms She heard the Billows rave,
 And cheerfully the needfull Orders gave.
 With pious Hope adjusted Her Commands,
 And left th' Event on Providences Hands.

She knew what Mein the Sceptre, Crown and Globe,
 What Majesty became th' Imperial Robe ;

But

But from th' Incumbrance freed of Sov'reign Awe,
 What Artift can Her milder Beauties draw ?
 What Colours shall exprefs ? What Pencil trace
 The Charms that did Her Conversation grace ?
 How beaming Joys Her Aspect did adorn,
 And how She mov'd the Goddeſs of the Morn.
 What Harmony did in Her Language dwell ;
 How fullen Griefs Her Accents cou'd diſpell,
 While fofter They than ſhedding Roſes fell.

Methinks I hear lamenting *April* ſay,
 Unwelcome now returns my lateſt * Day,
 That once eclips'd the blooming Pride of *May*.
 The Day that with auſpicious Hours did ſmile,
 And gave a Jubilee to *Britain's* Iſle.
 No more that Feſtival ſhall entertain
 The Court with Revel or harmonious Strain :
 For chearfull Songs, my Bards muſt now retreat,
 And *Dirges* breath to ſome forſaken Seat.

Seek

Seek gloomy Vales, where blasted Nature pines,
And Grief with Night in cold Embraces joyns.

Let there, what never must in Crouds be told,
Your mourning Muse that Dismal Scene unfold!
Let Fancy there rehearse in wild Complaint,
The sickning Sov'reign, the expiring Saint.
When Sacrilegious Maladies, combin'd,
Beauty's Imperial Temple undermin'd,
How ravaging through Her rich Veins they flew,
Till all in one Assault —

Against Her gen'rous Heart their Forces drew.
While Nature cou'd no more the Fort supply,
And vanquisht Art it self stood Sighing by.

Well may his Sons despair, when * *Phœbus* * *The gle-*
(shrouds *my wea-*
His baffl'd Head, and sculks in conscious *ther in*
(Clouds *the Queen's*
sickness

Drives wide his Wain, shuns his Meridian Way,
And through continu'd Darkness *steals* the Day.

Immortal

Immortal Pow'rs, can you behold, ungriev'd,
 Her Agonies, who Nations had reliev'd ?
 Amidst Her Pangs, see how She lies resign'd
 To your Disposál, while you seem unkind !
 Undaunted, yet to your Allegiance true,
 Bids Death Defiance, but submits to You.
 She sees Distraction through Her Palace spread,
 She sees the Graces weeping round Her Bed,
 Yet still Compos'd ; till Her expiring Sight
 Her swooning Hero.—— Here let deepest Night
 Her Mantle spread, and Nature's Face disguise,
 While *Cæsar* sinks, and while *MARIA*'s Eyes
 Closing transferr Their Glories to the Skies.
 Oh what Convulsions now shook *Britain*'s Breast !
 Her Sun and Moon in one Eclipse oppress.

Yet, O *Alcides* of our Age, sustain
 Thy last and greatest Task to Live and Reign !

This Conquest must Distinguish your bright Name,
And write You Foremost in the List of Fame.

Death ne're is Distant when Perfection's near;
Vertue *Sublim'd* will quickly disappear.
MARIAS's fall'n! Worthy to have surviv'd,
Till *Cæsar's* promis'd Triumphs were arriv'd;
Till harras'd *Europe's* Freedom She survey'd,
And crown'd the Halcyon Days for which She pray'd
Speak You, who Commerce with Immortals hold
These Labarynth's of Providence unfold!
Eusebia speak.

EUSEBIA's Sacred Breast.
With Rapture fill'd, inspiring Zeal confess,
Divinely bright Her Frontlet Stars appear'd,
While up tow'rd's Heav'n Her ravish'd Eyes She rear'd
The Temple shakes, the yielding Roof gives way,
And Ope's a Prospect to Eternal Day.

Through all the Dome Ambrosial Fragrance spread,
While Thus, in Extasie, the Matron said ;

With Robes invested of Cælestial Dye,
She towers and treads the Empyræan Sky !
Angelick Choirs, skill'd in triumphant Song,
Heav'n's Battlements and Chrystal Turrets throng
The Signal's giv'n, th' Eternal Gates unfold,
Blazing with Jasper, wreath'd in burnish'd Gold,
From Bow'rs of *Amaranth* and *Nectar* Streams,
(Mansions of Rapture and inspiring Dreams)
The Host of Saints *MARIA*'s Triumph meet
MARIA, All, their own *MARIA* greet.

Behold ! a Rev'rend *Shade* steps forth, his *He*
Mitred in Glory, deep his Vestments spread ;
O Patriarch mild ! Thy Aspect still I know,
That ev'n on Earth so much of Heav'n did show
Hea

Heav'ns Messenger to Us Thou first didst prove,
And now *MARIA's* to the Blest above.

Now, pointing up, he shews, prepar'd on High,
Her Chair of State and Starry Canopy,
She takes Her Throne, but there install'd, so bright
Her Form, I lose Her in *Excess* of *Light*.

F I N I S.

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A N
ELEGY

ON THE
Most Reverend Father in God

HIS GRACE
JOHN,

L A T E
Lord Arch-Bishop of *Canterbury*.

Written in the Year, 1693.

by
by

Ge

To the Most Reverend Father in God

HIS GRACE

THOMAS

Lord Arch-Bishop of

CANTERBURY.

My Lord,

THIS Tribute of my Muse, in Memory of Your Grace's worthy Predecessor, was favourably accepted by many Eminent Persons, and particularly by Your Grace,

*Zeal and Affection supply'd my want of
Genius; at least Your passionate Respect for*

The Epistle Dedicatory.

so dear a Friend, inclin'd Your Indulgence to my Performance.

Our Loss in that excellent Patriarch, was justly lamented; but the same Royal Choice that had so well provided for our Church, has once more approv'd it self in supplying her Pastoral Chair.

His Majesty was truly sensible what Moderation of Temper, what Integrity of Heart and Piety of Mind; what Judgment and Constancy were requisite for so Sacred an Office, and so exalted a Station.

My Lord,

If Panegyrick were (as it never was) my Talent, I should decline it in Your Grace's Presence.

Great Souls are least delighted with their own Praises, and the Pious (even in Places of highest Dignity) are Ambitious of no other Encomiums than the private Testimony

The Epistle Dedicatory.

mony of their own Conscience. But even
to That I can appeal for the Sincerity of Your
Grace's Designs and Endeavours for the real
Interests both of our Church and State.

They are so unfeignedly the Motives and
Measures of all Your Counsils and Actions,
that every English-Man and Well-wisher to
his Countrey has a Right of speaking his
thankfull Acknowledgments, and, amongst
the Rest,

My Lord,

Your Grace's

Most Humble Servant,

N. Tate.

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On His G R A C E
J O H N

Late Lord Arch-Bishop of *CANTERBURY*.

Complaints, like Ours, in *Ramah's* Vale
(were heard,
When *Samuel's* Awful Reliques were in-
(terr'd.

Like Him, by Heav'n approv'd, and Earth admir'd.
Our Age's greatest Prophet is Expir'd !

Just Honours to his Sepulchre we'll pay,
But some kind Seraph must instruct the way.

A Garland for his Marble we'll compose
 Of *Syrian* Lillies, and the *Sharon* Rose :
Arabia's Spice in one rich Pile should flame,
 And *Gilead's* Balm, less precious than his Name.

But when the Treasures of the *East* are spent
 In pious Off-rings at his Monument,
 All Rites perform'd that to his Urn belong,
 To whom shall Fame entrust the Fun'ral Song ?

The Graces Speechless to his Shrine repair,
 Ev'n Art and Wit stand silent Mourners There ;
 Yet bolder *Zeal* will Bands of Duty break,
 And *Gratitude* be priviledg'd to speak.
 True Passion too can Inspiration bring,
 'Twas Grief first taught the Nightingal to sing ;
 From His, as from *Elijah's* pow'rful Tomb,
 Ev'n my dead Muse shall vital Warmth resume.

Hark

Hark ! From on high I hear a Seraph say,
Hence ye unhallow'd, for my Charge make way :

The Crow'd retire---- a Matron streight appears,
Stars on her Head, her Face bedew'd with Tears,
How charming are her Looks——

Tho' doubly now oppress'd with Grief and Years !

Divine * *Eusebia*, tho' in Sables drest, * The Church
Is still by her Angelick Mein confest. of England.

Charm'd with her Voice the listning Winds repair,
While Thus her balmy Sighs perfume the Air.

Pity me, Heav'n, for your All-searching Eye
Can only to my Grief's deep Centre pry.

Behold me, once of Mothers the most blest,
Of Mourning Mothers now the most distress'd !
Compell'd my Temple's Glory to resign,

My S U N extinguish'd, who with Rays divine
Blaz'd out, and taught my Younger Stars to Shine. }

My

My Pow'rful *Pastor*, my ruling Pastor's dead,
 Whose Pious Care my Flocks and Shepherds fed.
 When mighty Realms enslav'd to Error lay,
 And Empires stoop'd to Mystick *Babel's* sway,
 Then could I boast, such was my Patriarch's Care,
 To shew th' Apostate World an Apostolick Chair.
 To Envy I appeal (for we may trust
 Envy her self with such Religious Dust)
 If ever Guide with more Reluctance took,
 Or manag'd with more Skill my Ruling Crook:
 A Crook, that once committed to *His* Hand,
 Wrought Miracles, and bloom'd like *Aaron's* Wand.
 Endu'd with Power to work my Flocks Increase,
 And charm Contending Shepherds into Peace :
 Nor wily *Jacob's* Mystick Arts of old,
 Prevail'd with such Success on *Laban's* Fold,
 As his unblemish'd open Life, to gain
 The Separating Stragglers of the Plain.

Matrons Abroad, for Reformation fam'd,
 From Superstitious Vanities reclaim'd,
 My Temple's Ancient Honour saw Renew'd,
 And blest'd my Stars, and for my Friendship su'd.
 On Me these Blessings my kind Saint conferr'd ;
 Transporting Blessings!——but, with Him, interr'd.
 With faint Delight shall I my Vintage press,
 Listless the Harvest of his Toils possess,
 Bereav'd of Him who did my Comforts bless.

As *Israel's* Guide from *Pisgah's* Mount withdrew,
 The Desert pass'd, and promis'd Land in view ;
 To such rebated Joys my Tribes are led,
Canaan in Prospect, but their Leader dead!
 How short-liv'd was the Transport I possess,
 For which with Tears I had so oft address'd !
 For This did Saints and Angels long intreat,
 And *Cæsar* court him to my Past'ral Seat ?

Approach

Approach my Sons, with Me approach his Shrine
 In One Condoling Dirge your Voices join ;
 Your *Albion* Rocks with these sad Accents rend,
We have a Father Lost, Mankind a Friend.

Thus mourn'd the Matron, and with Sighs oppress'd
 His Sacred Urn embracing, Wept the Rest.

With no less Passion *Britain's* State complain'd
 No less the Loss that *Britain's* State sustain'd.

When threatning Danger did the Realm surprize
 Not *Homer's Nestor* could, like Him, Advise.
 His Words, as if inspir'd, Impression made,
Ulysse's Skill, without his Craft, display'd :
 His Counsels ne're were varnish'd o'er with Art :
 With Policy He still did Truth impart ;
 Spoke Oracles, — but always spoke his Heart.

No passive *Gorgon* did his Reason charm,
 To hang dead Weights on our Restorer's Arm:
 His Measures He from sacred Sanctions drew,
 To Heav'n and to his Countries Int'rest, true,
 Hence, by respect to Him, her Friends were known;
 And she discover'd in His Foes her own.

When first in *Learning's* Orb His Lustre blaz'd,
 The World look'd up, transported and amaz'd;
 Nor less surpriz'd, bewail his Beams withdrawn,
 Pensive and hopeless of another Dawn.
 So, pleas'd and wondring, our great Parent view'd
 The first day's Sun, and with charm'd Eyes pursu'd;
 And when from Sight the setting Lamp withdrew,
 So He out-wept the Night's distilling Dew;
 In sable Shades, Grief's Vigil kept untir'd,
 With Looks still *Westward* fix'd, where Day expir'd.

D

The

The *Labyrinths* of Knowledge He descry'd,
 With REASON like a *Sibyl* for his Guide,
 And with Her Oracles divinely blest,
 As happily her Dictates he exprest.

His pow'rful *Style* an artfull Nature grac't ;
 Expressive words and all with Judgment plac't ;
 Hence they, like chosen well-rank'd Troops prevail
 And through the Hearer's Ear his Soul assail'd.
 His Eloquence was neither coarse nor vain,
 From Arrogance and Stiffness did refrain,
 Courtly Familiar, and Majestick Plain.
 Extensive Sense He into compass drew,
 Said what was Just, and always something New,
 That did surprizingly our Souls delight,
 As sov'reign Beauty conquers at first Sight.

He, thus compleatly Arm'd for Truth's Defence
 His pious Warfare early did commence.

Gigant

Gigantick *Atheism* first His Vigour try'd,
 A daring Foethat Heav'n it self defy'd :
 Ev'n Hell at first this Monster's Brood disclaim'd,
 Nor one fall'n Angel knew for *Atheism* damn'd,
 But Earth, more impious than the Realms of Night,
 Sent Hell a Race of Fiends that did her Furies fright.
 Ah stupid Crew! Who Reason wou'd employ
 Eternal Reason's Essence to destroy !
 The Fable's now to impious Practice grown,
 These Sons of Earth wou'd Heav'n's true *Jove* de-
 (throne.

Rome's Dragon next our Champion did engage,
 The same that dar'd of old th' Arch-Angel's Rage.
 And flush'd once more with Arbitrary Pow'r,
 Waited *Eusebia's* Off-spring to devour :
 But, when his Torrent-Pride did highest swell,
 Confronted by this second *Michael*, fell.

And when at last he saw (as 'twas but Just,
 The Champion with his rescu'd Charge to Trust)
Eusebia's Altars made His Guardian-care,
 With Jaws expanded, through the blasted Air,
 Belch'd Curses, the last Refuge of Despair.

f. These Monsters quell'd, no *Sphinx* or *Hydra* rose
 But whom He did with like Success oppose.

Then, as first Heroes *doubly* gain Applause,
 By Conquests, and prescribing righteous Laws;
 Thus did our Pious Guide just Precepts give,
 Both how to Think aright, and how to Live.
 The Cheats of Syren Vice expos'd to view,
 And Vertue in her native Beauty drew:
 Of her bright Paths a Prospect did display,
 Where smiling Peace and harmless Pleasures lay
 Did straying Souls to her Enclosure bring,
 With charming Accents, such as Halcyons sing,
 Or Evening Zephyrs when they woo the Spring
 Hea

Heav'n He describ'd as 'twere His native Home,
 And He an Envoy from those Regions come.

But Vertue's Image and the Graces, best
 In his bright Mind and Practice were express.

Divinely Humble in Preferment's Height ;
 Nor then disdain'd on needy Worth to wait :
 High Station only did his Beams extend,
 But none in his Advancement lost a Friend.

By Judgment's Compass ev'ry Course he Steer'd
 And watch'd the Signals e'er the Storm appear'd :
 His Prudence o'er the Surges did prevail,
 With Ballast still proportion'd to his Sail.
 Precipitately ne'er assum'd a Trust ;
 No Promise Slow, but in Performance, Just.

Of Temper calm, and Sanatively cool,
 Spring *Jordan's* Current, or *Bethesda's* Pool :

Hea D 3 By

By Grace Instructed, and by Nature mild,
 Nor relisht Life but when he *Reconcil'd* :
 His Carriage, Words and Works, breath'd Gospel All
 His very Look was *Evangelicall*.
 His Life and Aspect did just Patterns give
 What Figures Angels make, and how they Live.

Th' Appearance of his Person brought a Charm
 That cou'd at Sight contentious Rage disarm.
 So Boist'rous Winds that furiously contend,
 And Sea and Air in wild Disorder blend,
 At Neptune's Presence, o'er the Waves Display'd,
 Sculk to their Caverns, and the Storm is Layd.

To Souls oppress'd with Sicknes or with Grief,
 His Visits, like an Angel's, brought Relief :
 When wrong'd, repeated Pardons did extend ;
 To Suffer Resolute, tim'rous to Offend.

His wond'rous Charity no Limits knew,
 But, like Heav'ns Manna, in the gathering, Grew.
 His Bounty ne're by Limbeck-drops distill'd,
 But in large Show'rs the thirsty Valleys fill'd.
 In Giving, some express such grutching Grief,
 That Want it self repines at the Relief;
 But he so Cheerfully did still impart,
 That with his Alms he seem'd to give his *Heart*.

But Day, my Muse, will from our Sphere retreat,
 E'er we his Vertue's Garland can compleat;
 Nor all the fairer Sisters that frequent
Pirene's Banks, on that one Labour bent,
 Tho' Fancy's Treasure shou'd be drein'd, can raise
 The full proportion'd Tribute of his Praise.
 Sons of Mortality, Learn'd, Pious, Wise;
 Who boast no less than Kindred with the Skies;
 See where Entomb'd your great Example lies!

Well! since his Soul its native Skies regains,
 We'll celebrate at least its dear Remains ;
 From Fate it self we'll force the sad Relief,
 The mourning Comfort to indulge our Grief.
 Permit ye Stars, who now his Presence boast,
 Earth's wretched Sons, to tell what they have lost !
 But he who justly will perform this Part,
 Must Truth consult, no study'd Rules of Art ;
 Invoke no *Helicon* but *Jordan's* Spring,
 And for his *Epicede* an *Anthem* bring.

Much less can our unconsecrated Verse,
 His deathless *Apotheosis* rehearse.

'Tis in a Sublunary Muse's Pow'r,
 To furnish Trophies for a Conquerour ;
 Home to his Palace from the vanquish'd Plain,
 Expanded Fancy may the Pomp maintain ;

But oh! When *Vertue's* Triumph we would paint,
 The Progress sing of some departing *Saint*,
 When some *Elijah* must to Heav'n be caught,
 From Heav'n the flaming Chariot must be brought :
 In such a Flight our *Pegasus* will Tire,
 To mount that Wain aloft there must conspire
 The Whirl-Winds rapid Wings, and Steeds of Fire.

The *Tishbite's* fiercer Spirit, raviſht hence,
 (Whose Miniſt'ry in Terrors did commence)
 With ſuch *tempeſtuous* Rapture might diſſence;
 But Transport, like our Prophet's Soul, *Serene*,
 Grac'd his pacifick Life's concluding Scene ;
 From Earth tranſlated, *gently*, to the Skies,
 As Angels that on Flames of Incenſe riſe.
 From high where gratefull Throngs (about him preſs
 Of Souls by him directed up to Blifs)

Transported he beholds the Past'ral Chair
 Supply'd, and made his mild Successor's Care :
 (For Heav'n *their* Minds Resemblance form'd Com-
 (pleat

Like the *Twin-Cherubs* of the *Mercy-Seat*.)

Our Altars made so kind a Guardian's Charge,
 Doe's, ev'n in Paradise, his Joys enlarge ;
 Pleas'd that *Eusebia* does once more rejoyce,
 Once more applaud her *pious Monarch's* Choice.

F I N I S.

Carmen Pastorale - Nauticum.

IN
MEMORY
OF
His GRACE the Illustrious Duke
OF
ORMOND:
And of the Right Honorable the Earl
OF
OSSORY.

Written in the Year, 1688.

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TO HIS GRACE

J A M E S

DUKE OF

ORMOND.

My Lord,

THERE needs no Apology for my
Addressing to Your Grace this Poem
in Memory of Your Illustrious and
and Immediate Ancestors, who pass'd
the Sphere of Life with an uninterrupted
Course of Glory.

The Duke of ORMOND (whose
Obsequies I have here endeavour'd to Cele-
brate)

The Epistle Dedicatory.

brate) was a Prince of such accomplish'd
Person and Endowments of Mind, as if Na-
ture in Him had design'd to triumph over
Invention, to transcend the most exalted
Ideas of Poetry, and to shew the Morality
such an Example of consummate Worth as
had never meet with, but in Speculation.

He seem'd always at his Meridian, where
ever he did or said was Great and suitable
to his mighty Self.

Wherefore, as a just Reward to his tran-
scendent Merit he surviv'd to see his Noble
Genius copy'd in his Son the Illustrious
Earl of OSSORY; who, both best
Pacifick Virtues and Renown in Arms was
likewise an Ornament of the Age in which
he liv'd.

The Muses would justly forfeit their Char-
should they refuse their Tribute to the Shrine
of such deserving and noble Patrons.

The Epistle Dedicatory.

My Lord,

I am sensible that their Encomium is more acceptable to you than your own, tho' in truth it be the Same, for nothing can be worthily said of them in which you are not Personally concern'd.

Their Fame is as inseparable from You as their Blood, and no less Hereditary than their Titles and Dignity. In Camp and Court, in Publick and Private Respects you have maintain'd their Character to the highest pitch of Honour.

This is the least that can be said of Your Grace, which, yet is enough to convince the World that true English Worth and Greatness of Soul is not every where expir'd.

And that you may long survive a glorious Example thereof is Implor'd, as
a

The Epistle Dedicatory.

*a Publick Blessing, by all true Lovers
their Country, but by none more zealous
than*

My Lord,

Your Grace's

Most Humble

And devoted Servant

N. T.

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IN
M E M O R Y

Of His GRACE the Illustrious Duke of

ORMOND,

And the Right Honorable the Earl of

OSSORY.

ON a steep Bank, by native Reeds Supply'd,
Where *Thames* the *Med-way* weds, his
(willing Bride,

Thirsis had sat him down his Pipe to mend

Which he in Rage had broke——

E

Damon,

Damon, the Friend whom he most dearly priz'd,
 (From Sea Return'd) the pensive Swain surpriz'd,
 And Thus accosts him —

D A M O N.

————— Then 'twas false and vain
 The Rumour that Alarm'd Us on the Main,
 How You my Friend, with Grief become forlorn,
 Had broke your Pipe, and had your Muse forsworn

T H I R S I S.

For Service past at last oppress'd with Wrong,
 What had thy Friend to do with chearful Song?
 The late repenting Muse, from Town withdrawn
 To Me return'd, and this forsaken Lawn,
 Where, on my broken Reed She deeply swore,
 Henceforth to tempt me from my Flock no more
 And bid, to thankless Courts and Verse Adieu.

D A M O N.

Then wherefore Swain that Pipe fixt up Anew?

T H I R S I

T H I R S I S.

A Mournful Dirge must now employ my Breath,
 Joy I renounce—but still may sing of Death.
 Concern and Zeal will give the Numbers Heat,
 And *Ormond's* mighty Name will make 'em Great.

D A M O N.

Should *Phæbus* and the tuneful Nine retire,
 Sound but the Name of *Ormond*, 'twill Inspire
 With more than Poet's or *Promethean* Fire.

T H I R S I S.

Thy *Thirsis* once to *Phæbus* did belong,
 Nor wholly Uninspir'd presumes this Song;
 The *Muses* brought it nightly to my Ear ;
 Freely I'll Sing, do you as freely Hear ;
 Nor only Hear, but sometimes bear a Part,
 For *Damon* Thou art Own'd a Son of Art ;
 Though I the Field and Thou the Sea dost chuse,
 One Friendship ever rul'd our Breasts, One *Muse* :

And as my Lays were wont to Tune the Woods,
The *Tritons* Thine cou'd raise, and charm the Floods.

D A M O N.

Strike, Shrike the Note, begin the noble Strein,
While Earth and Skie the Consort shall maintain,
While Ebbing *Thames* and *Med-way* gently creep;
'Tis many Hours to Flood—— till then the Wind
(will sleep

T H I R S I S.

O Sacred *Iffs*, by whose shady Streams
Oxonian Bards lie rapt in golden Dreams,
Just Tribute pay to thy Great *ORMOND*'s Hearse

D A M O N.

And give Immortal Worth Immortal Verse.

T H I R S I S.

When *ORMOND* Dy'd, ye Floods and Groves
(confess
(You and your weeping Nymphs were Witnesse

If any Care the heartless Heardsman took,
 To drive his Heiffers to the Chryſtal Brook ;
 If in that heavy Day, the gen'rous Steed
 Would taſt the Stream, or in the Paſture feed !
 In ſilent Hive the ſickly Bee lay ſtill,
 No wanton Kidd would ſport, nor am'rous Turtle Bill

D A M O N.

As Nature had for *ORMOND*'s ſake Alone
 Employ'd her Pow'r's, and, her lov'd *ORMOND* gone }
 Her Care did ceaſe, and all her Task were done.

T H I R S I S.

So *Eden* ſtarv'd when of her Lord beguild,
 And *Paradiſe* forthwith became a Wild.

D A M O N.

When ſuch tranſcendent Sorrow is the Theam.
 Fair *Cam* muſt Eccho to our *Iſis* Stream :
 Nor muſt the *Liffee* be deny'd her Share.

T H I R S I S.

To Visit his fam'd Court and Palace there
 From *Cestrian* Plains my *Muse* did Young repair,
 And having *ORMOND* in his State beheld,
 (Whose Pomp her faint Ideas far excell'd)
 Return'd transported back to her Abode,
 And told the Village She had seen a God.

D A M O N.

My Fancy, early with Ambition fir'd,
 Of *ORMOND* and his Princely Deeds enquir'd ;
 What Benefits the Patron had bestow'd,
 How much our *Europe* to his Conduct ow'd
 In Peace and War——Then to the *Indian* Shore
 Remov'd, my *Muse* her full Instructions bore,
 Where in the Plantan Shade She Sung his Name,
 Till from their Hills the Savage Natives came,
 And, list'ning to the Charming Ayres, grew Tame.

T H I R S I S.

T H I R S I S.

Through what surprizing Mazes did he lead
 his vast Designs, what secret Passes tread ?
 Ulysses thus the Ocean do's beguile,
 and diving deep with Undiscover'd Toil,
 lives to bless the fair *Sicanian* Isle.

D A M O N.

Long did oppress *Brittannia* hopeless Mourn
 for Exil'd *Charles* and *Ormond's* wish'd Return,
 at last the Bliss, which we so oft Implor'd,
 and no kind Pow'r durst promise, was Restor'd ;
 when was the Tuneful Shepherd's Song allow'd,
 to Peace our Heifers fed and Oxen Plow'd.
 With Honey Drops the *British* Oak distill'd,
 and burden'd *Thames* *Augusta's* Market fill'd.

D A M O N.

So far the fatal Plenty did Increase,
 he Surfeited at last on Wealth and Peace,

Whose Warmth our feeble Warriours did disarm,
 Nor could they bear the Sun who bore the Storm;
 While *Ormond's* Constancy, in prosp'rous State,
 Maintan'd her Regency as firm as Fate ;
 Her gen'rous Stream through Seas of Pleasure led,
 Clear and untainted as the Fountain's Head.

T H I R S I S.

Virtue so feebly now exerts her Pow'rs
 We Stalk faint Shaddows of our Ancestors.
 If Nature once in these degen'rate Days,
 Do's by some vast Effort an *Ormond* raise.
 He's gaz'd at while he Shines, and when he qu
 (the Stag
 In Darkness leaves our Sphear, and quite unde
 (the Ag

D A M O N.

Why wert thou rais'd so high and form'd so brig
 To lie with vulgar Mortals wrapt in Night !

rm, too rigid now, O Fate, thy Law appears,
 rm; Patriarch's Piety should have a Patriarch's Years.

e, *T H I R S I S.*

So have I seen the Oak, that long had stood
 led, A friendly Shelter to the Underwood,
 Green in his Age, till inbred Death destroy'd
 The Plant which Storms and Thunder ne'er annoyd.

D A M O N.

The Noble Tree is perish'd, while below
 The Shrubs survive, and uselefs Brambles grow.

T H I R S I S.

qu Behold my Friend behold yon Shady Dale,
 Stag Now Consecrate and made a Sacred Vale,
 ndo An Altar There I've rais'd in scanty Room
 Ag The little Emblem of Great *Ormond's* Tomb.
 rig Whose Front by me with Lawrels shall be Crown'd,
 Oft as the circling Year compleats his Round ;

T Ev'n

Ev'n now, against the Solemn Day's Return,
 (Which I must ever Honour ever Mourn)
 My *Muse* has form'd her Tributary Verse,
 That faintly her great Patron may Rehearse;
 No rural Lay can reach his Character,
 But Shepherds Songs are always most sincere,

D A M O N.

Nor have my Thoughts been Idle on the Main;
 The *Muses* love *Alternates*, gentle Swain
 Admit in Course a Sailer's artless Strein.

T H I R S I S.

What equal Rites ye Pow'rs can be Assign'd
 His God-like Person, and more God-like Mind?
 So much of Royalty his Presence bore,
 That scarce a Sceptre cou'd had added more.
 Nature for Sov'reignty his Frame design'd,
 Consenting Heav'en inspir'd a Monarch's Mind,

et o'er Himself he was content to Sway,
 and Thought it Empire *Cæsar* to Obey.
 lest to his Sacred Ashes may it bring
 that He was *Virtues* and the *Muses* King,
Hast pious Swains to Celebrote his Tomb,
So you may see a joyful Harvest home.

D A M O N.

No Greatness e'er more Goodness did impart,
 from Heights of State he stoop'd to raise Desert;
 to Him the bright Records of Fame were known,
 whose best Examples still became his own.
 All Traverses of Fortune he sustain'd,
 All great *Ormond's* Character maintain'd:
 success ne'er made him swell, nor suff'rings faint,
 the first the *Hero* prov'd, the last the Saint.
Come pious Sailers drench with Tears his Urn,
So may your freighted Vessel safe Return.

T H I R S I S.

T H I R S I S.

In *Ormond's* stead what can the Stars restore,
 What private Grief the Publick Loss deplore ?
 Those Elogies our scanty Pow'rs deny
 Succeeding Times and Poets shall supply,
 In *Ossory* Fate's Triumph was compleat,
 Fate to that Hero gave the first Defeat.
 Now Destiny usurps too large a Share,
 An *Ormond* too is more than Earth can spare.

D A M O N.

For *Ossory* our Sorrows still are seen
 Fresh as his Fame, and as his Laurels green.

T H I R S I S.

Like widdow'd Turtles we refuse Relief,
 Renew our Dirges and Indulge our Grief.

D A M O N.

The News surpriz'd us, on the distant Shore.
 That Noble *Ossory* was now no more !

The Tritons started from their Coral Beds,
 The Sea-Nymphs tore the Treffels from their Heads.

T H I R S I S.

On Land the Satyrs to their Dens retir'd,
 As when of Old the mighty *Pan* expir'd.

D A M O N.

I wonder'd much what sundry Omens meant,
 The thrice Advancing Flood thrice backward went;
 Forthwith through all th' astonisht Coast 'twas spread
 The Guardian of the Floods great *Offory* was Dead.

T H I R S I S.

For her lost Admiral the Ocean ground
 The harrafs'd *Flandrian* Plains his Fate bemoand,
 Sea-vanquish'd *Belgians* then were Reconcil'd,
 And only *Africk's* Savage Genius smil'd.

D A M O N.

With Pangs my Thoughts that heavy Day recall,
 The Wind blew hard, my Vessel craz'd and small,

The

The *Samphire-Man* his desp'rate Trade gave o'er
 The Fisher drew his Netts and Boat a Shore,
 Then *Thirsfs* then the *Muses* watcht their time,
 And forc't me Thus to sooth my Grief with Rhyme
 Oh where are now your Charms ye Briny Deep,
 Ye winding Coasts, smooth Sands and craggy Steep
 What's Traffique now ? What reason can you give
 To make forlorn desponding *Damon* Live.
 Or can it e're account for half my pain,
 To stretch on Shells, and view the rolling Main,
 Or breath my Griefs to these cold Rocks in vain.
 For *OSS'RT*'s sake a Sailer I became,
 And *OSS'RT* now is nothing but a Name ?
 To Us no more—but to the Skies a Star —
 When next the raging Elements are at War
 When safe on Shore my fellow-Sailers sleep,
 That desp'rate Hour I'll take to launch into the Deep
 Farewell all Lands, the tempting Syrges swell,
 Ev'n Thou that holdst my *OSS'RT*'s Dust, Farewell

THIRSI

T H I R S I S.

How Charming-sad O *Damon* is thy Verse !
 Not *Halcyons* such or dying *Swans* rehearse.

D A M O N.

When from these Regions first he took his flight,
 The Impious Age fear'd an Eternal Night :
 Yet ev'n that vast Eclipse not quite our Sphear
 (depriv'd,

Our *Ossory* was gone, but *Ormond* still surviv'd.
 Whence can we now expect another Dawn,
 Our Sun and *Phosper* both eternally withdrawn ?

Clotin.

It Thunders on the Left, auspicious Sign,
 And Lambent flames surround my *Heroes* Shrine :
 Fresh Odors breathing thence, the Air perfume,
 The Neighb'ring Groves their wonted Songs resume ;
 My Lambs begin to sport, my Ewes to Feed :
 Whence can this Vital Influence proceed ?

Behold

Behold a Second *Ormond* bright as Day,
 Breaks forth to chase our sullen Fears away !
 Heav'n early did for our Relief contrive,
 That *Ossory* and *Ormond* should survive
 In One great Heir that do's from Both derive.

Ye Guardian-Pow'rs that have receiv'd in Tr
Great Britains Honor, to your Charge be just.
 Preserve her rising Hope, and add th' Arrears
 Of *Ossory's* shorten'd date, to his Successors years
 That in his finish'd Circle may be seen
 What *Ossory's* compleated Course had been.
 No Heights of Glory are too hard to trace,
 For *Ormond's* Heir, Ally'd to *Beaufort's* Race.
 In this ye Pow'rs your Care you have express'd,
 To Fame and his great Genius leave the Rest.

FINIS.

AN

ELEGY

In Memory

OF

That Most Excellent Lady

The late

COUNTESS

OF

DORSET.

Written in the Year, 1691.

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TO
The Right HONORABLE
MARY
COUNTESS DOWAGER
OF
NORTHAMPTON.

MADAM,

ZEAL may be sometimes too Officious; 'tis therefore with no small Concern that I bring Your Ladyship a Present that may renew Your Grief, with-

The Epistle Dedicatory.

out sufficient Merit to compensate the Trespas.

The Person and Character here Commemorated, deserv'd more Embellishments than any single Muse is able to furnish out : Wherefore I pretend not to an Encomium, but an Elegy ; being conscious that it was Written and Revis'd with the most tender Sentiments of hearty Sorrow.

It could not possibly be otherwise where the Loss was so deplorable, and my Noble Patron was so great a Sufferer.

Providence was then pleas'd to give Your Ladyship another occasion of Exercising the most difficult of Christian Virtues ; but by how much severer was the Tryal the greater is the Tryumph.

Neither

The Epistle Dedicatory.

Neither was Your Ladyship left destitute of surviving Comforts to alleviate the Losses you sustain'd.

Your Honour has the Happiness of seeing (both of immediate and second Descent) such flourishing Plants as are, and will be, singular Ornaments to our Nation.

And that Your Ladyship should be permitted to see them All in perfect Growth and Lustre, (and long to enjoy that Sight) may be expected, in Recompence of that extraordinary Prudence, Piety, Charity and Other Virtues, that have shin'd through the whole Course of Your most Exemplary Life.

'Tis evident, Madam, that you have improv'd the Endowments conferr'd on You, by Religion and Nature, for nobler Ends than Popular Applause.

The Epistle Dedicatory.

I shall therefore only beg Your Acceptance of this Offering, in Memory of the Fair Saint, and Pardon for

Madam,

Your Honour's

Most obedient Servant,

N. Tate.

I N

Ac-
of

I N
M E M O R Y
O F

nt, The most Excellent Lady late Countess

O F
D O R S E T .

ate. **G** O Shepherds — to your Cottages retire,
Your *Dorset* Mourns — no more the
(Pipe Inspire !

Your Mirth is done, your Care is vain — what need
To tend those Flocks that will no longer Feed ?

N

Nature her Self with troubled Face appears,
 And Sable Robes for her lost Darling wears ;
 She sighs in Storms, and weeps in Show'rs of Tears.
 Her vital Pow'rs in discontent Retreat,
 Her Elemental Fire withdraws its Heat ;
 The sullen Air admits no chearful Beam,
 And Grief has silenc'd ev'ry Vocal Stream.
 Ev'n Earth, that do's the precious Reliques shroud,
 Laments the Treasure that should make her proud:
 Alone exempted from the gen'ral Care,
 The Skies rejoyce to have regain'd a *Star*.
 With fresh Recruits of Light they shine and glow,
 Regardless of our Suff'rings here Below ;
 With cruel Joy they Triumph at our Cost,
 And Revel with the Prize that we have Lost !

Profane Disease ! Thy Crime had been too Great
 In only Battering so fair a Seat ;

Which

Which spitefully thou quite hast Undermin'd,
 Because the bright Remains would still have shin'd.
 So envious *Rome* no Method cou'd employ
 Fair *Carthage* to subdue, but to Destroy.

Mute are the Groves where happy Shepherds sung,
 And *Philomel* once more has lost her Tongue.

The Palm and Myrtle Groves no longer please;
 Cypress and Yew are now the only Trees.

The mournful'st Objects most Endearments have,
 The lonesome Vale delights; the gloomy Cave
 Can please, because it represents the *Grave*.

Tears our Refreshment are, our sole Relief

No more to wish or hope,

But give Despair free scope,

And rowl with the Impetuous Tide of Grief!

If then so just and vast the Sorrow be,
 Of all who did the living Wonder see,

Or

Or Only her fam'd Character have heard,
 To think such Worth and Beauty are inter'd ;
 How then shall be conceiv'd, or how express'd,
 The Pangs that rent a tender Mother's Brest ?
 What Language, that can Still the raging Seas,
 Charm Discontent, and to Despair give Ease,
 The Conflict of maternal sighs appease ?
 Should Wit pretend (what Wit can ne'er effect)
 To treat the Fair Deceas'd with due Respect ;
 In proper Colours her Resemblance paint,
 In Form an Angel as in Life a Saint :
 To say She *was*, when we can only say
 That (oh!) She was—all mild as springing Day,
 Cheerful and Beauteous as the Bloom of May ;
 That, Goddess-like, her Presence did impart
 Reviving Joysto ev'ry drooping Heart ;
 That She spoke Musick—that for Mien and Air
 She was All Charm—and yet as Good as Fair !

To shew the meek, the gen'rous Patroness
 And Comforter of Others in Distress,
 Her self laid languishing without Redress,
 Will This relieve a mourning Parent's Grief ?

Ah ! miserable Art
 That only can it impart
 The Food of Sorrow, an unkind Relief.

One only Sov'reign Balm sick Nature bears,
 A Royal Mourner's sympathizing Tears ;
 Tho' Gods nor Goddesses may Fate reverse,
 A * Goddess, weeping, Consecrates the Hearse. * Her
 Majesty's Lamentation on this Occasion.

Behold the Graces waiting on Her Urn,
 Transform'd as much as She for whom they Mourn !
 While Vertue's fairer Train stand sighing by.
 Concern'd such heav'nly Excellence cou'd Die .
 Youth, Beauty, Innocence, assembled there,
 With wither'd Looks——Zeal, Piety and Prayer,
 Belief and Hope transfigur'd to Despair !

There

There Charity, cold as her Statue, stands,
 And there Compassion wings her helpless Hands!
 These were the tenderest Darlings of her Brest
 And like the Turtle-Brood, when dispossest,
 Hover and moan about their ruin'd Nest!
 While Death Alone, with an insulting Smile,
 In Tryumph sits before the mournful Pile.

Mistaken Tyrant ! Thy Designs are crost,
 'Tis thou and We who by this Change have lost :
 Of more than Life thou only hast depriv'd
 Those wretched Mortals who her Fate surviv'd ;
 Look up and see, what will thy Pride confound,
 Thy rescu'd Captive there with glory Crown'd !
 Behold her seated in a Bow'r of State
 (Above the reach of any Second Fate)
 While Saints and Seraphs on her Triumph wait.
 With Flow'rs that in Celestial *Eden* grow,
 They weave eternal Chaplets for her Brow ;

While

While Heav'nly Harmony her Art employs,
 Eccho'd with Songs of never-ceasing Joys !
 O Sacred Hierarchy ! O Realms of Light !
 Transporting Vision——but, for Mortal Sight
 Too dazzling, too insufferably Bright !

Aspiring *Muse* Descend, the duskie Plains
 And Vale of Death best suit thy pensive Streins ;
 Oh (since hard Fate allows no more) return'
 To Crown with Bays and Verse the Sacred Urn.
 Such Verse as may the gloomy Desert Charm ;
 Watch, Guard the lovely Saint's Remains from Harm
 With vital Tears o'ercome
 The Coldness of her Tomb,
 And keep, with glooming sighs, her Ashes ever warm !

Oh whither will the dismal Scene extend !
 Successive Woe, where will thy Current end ?

Behold,

Behold, forlorn, the *Muse's* Patron laid
 With Mourning *Cupids* in a Cypress Shade !
 Of Fate nor cruel Skies he once complains,
 But Inwardly the Conflict he sustains
 The struggling Tumult of his Breast restrains.

O *DORSET* ! cou'd our worthless Lives pretend
 (Whose Comforts only on thy Smiles depend)
 To Bribe thy Griefs, how pleas'd cou'd we resign
 Our Breaths, compounding for one Pang of Thine

Our useless Breaths are tender'd now in vain,
 Since tuneful Notes no more must cheer the Plain :
 Let Numbers cease—for, whom should they relieve
 That can no Comfort to their Patron give ?

Yet *DORSET* Live——in Pity to the Age,
 That, to condole thy Loss, forgets its Rage.

The impious Age from that One Crime is free,
 Mad with intestine Strife we All agree
 Both in Admiring and Lamenting Thee.

Let those dear Pledges intercede at least
 The Living Reliques of the Fair Deceas'd,

Till * Infant-Beauty, to full Bloom arriv'd, * Lady
Mary Sackville.

The Mother's Charms and Virtues has reviv'd ;

Adorn'd with All that Nature's self can crave

To make a full Reprizal on the Grave :

Till dawning *BUCKHURST* to his *Zenith* rise,

And warm, (like You) and gild our *Northern* Shies ;

Till a new Series of unclouded Years,

(Reserv'd for Him) in shining Rank appears ;

When his ripe Fame shall ev'ry *Muse* employ,

Next Age's *DORSET*, *Britain's* Second Joy.

F I N I S.

On the 1st of January 1871
the following was received from
the Hon. Secy of the Interior

Washington D.C.
Dear Sir

I have the honor to acknowledge
the receipt of your letter of the 29th

inst. in relation to the
application of the 1st of January

1871 for the purpose of
obtaining a copy of the

report of the Commissioner
of the General Land Office

for the year 1870. The report
has been forwarded to you

by express of the 1st inst.
and will reach you in a few days.

Very respectfully,
J. M. Smith

A
Consolatory Poem
To the Right Honorable
JOHN
LORD
CUTTS,
UPON THE
DEATH
OF HIS
Most Accomplish'd LADY.

*Requies quondam Spesq; unica Vitæ,
Nunc Dolor, æternusq; imo sub Pectore Luctus.*
Salm. Pisc. Ecl. 1.

T

C

M

I

You

TO
The Right HONORABLE
JOHN
LORD
CUTTS,
Baron of GOWRAN, &c.

My Lord,

I Could heartily have wish'd for a more
Cheerful Occasion of acquainting the
World with the Respect I have for
Your Lordship:

G 2

However

The Epistle Dedicatory.

However I cannot doubt Your Acceptance of this Tribute in Memory of Your most Excellent Lady.

You have most generously taken all Opportunities of Expressing the just Esteem you had both for her Person and Virtues ; and thereby Demonstrated that Your Affection for Her was sublim'd into Friendship, which is Love in Perfection.

My Lord,

I have a double Right of making this Address to Your Lordship, both as You are a Friend to the Muses and to Your Country.

'Tis a Happiness to our Nation that You are return'd to do her Service at Home after having done her so great Service and Reputation Abroad.

Yours

The Epistle Dedicatory.

Your Performances in War are too Numerous to be mention'd in a Dedication, being sufficient Matter for a History.

If Envy shall repine at the Fame You have Atchiev'd, 'tis what Horace has affirm'd of Hercules Himself; who after all the Labours he had sustain'd, and Monsters that he had vanquish'd

Comperit Invidiam supremo fine domari.

But a greater Hero than Alcides has been an Eye-Witness to several of Your Lordship's Martial Actions; which transcends whatever can be said by Others.

Besides my Lord, I pretend not to send You a Penegyrick but an Epistle; my Muse being ambitious Only of being admitted as a Mourner at the Obsequies of a Person who was so unspeakably Dear to You.

The Epistle Dedicatory.

*I have too tender a Sense of Your
Sorrow to Trespass any farther upon it,
and therefore shall only Subscribe my
self*

My Lord,

Your Lordship's

Most humble Servant,

N. Tate.

our
it,
my

A

Consolatory Poem

To the Right Honorable

J O H N Lord C U T T S, &c.

S Tretch'd in a lonesome Vale (where Spring
(decays,
And Nature with Affright her Self surveys)

are. *ITSANDER* grieving lay——the Earth his Bed !

Against a mossy Stone he lean'd his Head ;

His thoughtful Head, that no Repose admits :

Close at his Feet a sighing *Cupid* sits.

A

G 4

Wreaths!

Wreaths, Chaplets, Trophies, (Once the Hero's Care)
 With all the glitt'ring Furniture of *War*,
 To rust and tarnish on the Ground are left,
 Beneath a Leafless Oak by Thunder cleft.

A pompous Cloud descending from the Hills
 Like some huge Pageant the broad Valleys fills.
 But now (with Drums and Trumpets awful Sound
 The vast Machine unfolding all around)
 Behold what glorious Objects are disclos'd !
 Celestial Forms to Human View expos'd.
 Lo ! first the GOD of WAR, with dreadful Grace,
 As when he thunders on the Plains of *Thrace* :
 The blue-ey'd *PALLAS* leans upon his Arm,
 And fiercely Beautiful, makes Terror Charm.
 The dusky Groves with sudden Lustre shine ;
 Hark ! how the Pow'rs of Harmony combine—
 'Tis bright *APOLLO*, with the Tuneful NINE.

More

re) More Heav'nly Figures still adorn the Plain,
 The GRACES Mild and VIRTUES Awful Train.
 — *BRITANNIA* too——On whose Majestick State
 PEACE, Wreath'd in Palms, and Lawrell'd CON-
 (QUEST wait.
 These Noble Visitants, by *JOVE*'s Command,
 Condoling round the Mourning Lover stand.

and Thus (sternly) *MARS* the pensive Silence breaks---
 (And shakes the ground beneath him while he speaks.)

ace) O Fate ! O dismal Change ! who now can trace
 One Feature of the Warrior in that Face !
 Where's now the sprightly Air, whose radiant Light
 Through Clouds of Smoke distinguish'd Him in
 (Fight ?

} Or when, in desp'rate Siege, o'er Bodies pil'd,
 He brav'd Destruction, and on Danger smil'd ?
 — Look up my Son, see how with Skill Divine
 Emblazon'd on my Shield, your Actions shine !

fore Your

Your Hazards, Hardships, Honorable Wounds,
 With wond'rous Art express'd in narrow Bounds,
 Death in All Shapes, with still Undaunted Brow,
 You There Confront--And shall He Triumph Now?
 To flitting Winds this killing Sorrow give,
 And O! for Glory's sake, consent to Live.
 Resume your Courage, your Heroick Flame,
 And listen to the chearful Voice of F A M E.

MINERVA next with stately Mein advanc'd,
 Her Crested Plume in waving Lustre danc'd,
 And Lightning from her burnish'd Helmet glanc'd,
 While thus the Goddess—

——Why this wild Despair?
 For short-liv'd Comfort why such endless Care?
 Nature sets Limits to the swelling Main,
 And Sorrow's Tide, at Height, should Ebb again.
 You

You have the Tribute of your Tears bestow'd,

Whate'er the Husband, Friend, or Lover ow'd.

But now, unjustly to your self engross

A Grief that should be Publick as the Loss.

For Mortals and Immortals, Earth and Skies,

Are Suff'ers All when Sacred *Virtue* Dies !

That Heav'nly Worth wou'd have so short a Date,

Does just Concern in Deities create,

Who therefore mourn your Nymph's untimely Fate. }

Large was their Int'rest in her Precious Life,

But I a Daughter lost, as you a Wife. }

Said I a Daughter ? — Envy knows 'tis True !

Not only That — She was my Darling too !

To Her my best Endowments I assign'd,

And crown'd her Beauty with as Fair a Mind :

That Youth's Allurements cou'd, in Youth, despise ;

And only Wisdom's Sacred Treasure prize :

And

And reach a Sphere of Knowledge, too sublime
 For Vanity's Fantaſtick Wings to climb.
 Her ſparkling Wit, that like her Eyes cou'd ſhine,
 Like them did modeſtly its Beams confine.
 The Bounds of Decency ſhe ne'er tranſgreſs'd ;
 Yet no Reluctance, no Constraint expreſs'd.
 To Caution's Self ſhe gave a pleaſing Air ;
 Reſerv'd, without the ſullen Look of Care.
 Her temper'd Mirth was like a Morning Ray,
 All Mildly Bright, and Innocently Gay,
 Then what her Serious, what her Sacred Hours ?
 The Joy and Wonder of Celeſtial Pow'rs.
 We charge Thee, Fame, to her Deſerts be juſt,
 And piously perform the mighty Truſt :
 Let Future Ages read what This admir'd,
 But never know how *Early* She expir'd !
 For ſuch Perfections in the Bloom of *Youth*,
 Will ſtagger Faith, and caſt a Veil on Truth.

Thus

Thus *PALLAS*---next, in Accents sweetly faint,
The God of Verse address'd his kind Complaint.

When *Mars* and War's lov'd Goddess sue in vain,
What can *Apollo*, and his slighted Train?

Yet, Warrior, call to mind you once were ours:

By me conducted to Inspiring Bow'rs,

The Seats of Fancy, and harmonious Pow'rs.

To you our *Helicon* was all expos'd ;

The Fields of Wit, without Reserve, disclos'd.

But (more enamour'd on advent'rous Fame)

For Martial Wreaths you did my Bays disclaim !

Yet (fond her past Endearments to renew)

The *Daphne*, who from my Embraces flew,

To distant Camps and Sieges follow'd You.

Ah too unkind——yet still the Muses Care ;

Who hither from their blissful Seats repair,

Your Griefs to comfort, or at least to share.

To

To share his Griefs indeed, *URANIA* cries;
 (Nor Destiny that wretched Help denies)
 For what can Numbers or melodious Breath,
 When Harmony it self's untun'd by Death!
 When the sweet Charmer of the Plains is made
 The Grave's mute Pris'ner, and a silent Shade
 Tyrannick Fates, ingloriously you boast
 A Conquest, where you have the Triumph lost ;
 Your Pride must own that with Unvanquish'd Mind
 Life's dearest Hopes and Blessings she resign'd.
 Her only Care—No more! —The Last Farewell
 Of Dying LOVE no gentle *Muse* may tell !
 Tempestuous Winds that Doleful Tale shou'd bear
 Far hence, where only Salvages may hear,
 Far distant from her grieving LOVER's Ear.
 Let Musick yet her *Obsequies* deplore ;
 Perform that Task, and then be heard no more.

Pleas'd with the Hint, *APOLLO* strikes his Lyre,
 While *Thus* in Consort, sung the Tuneful Quire,
 As Fancy, Grief, and *Phæbus* did Inspire.

*Te Nymphs that in the Groves reside,
 Or reap the Meadows early Pride,
 To deck LAURINDA's Marble, bring
 The Virgin-Beauties of the Spring.*

*Nereids offer There your Shells,
 Dismantle all your Gawdy Cells,
 A Tribute to LAURINDA's Shrine;
 Your Gems alas too dimly shine!
 The Shrine is brighter far than They;
 Therefore, Nereids, steal away
 The Glances of Aurora's Beams,
 Reflected on the Silver Streams.*

Holy

Holy Vows and chaste Desires

Feed the Lamp with Lambent Fires ;

Flames that Shine and never Burn,

Shou'd only Crown LAURINDA's Urn.

Tuneful Sighs, harmonious Groans,

Halcyon-Songs, and Turtle-Moans,

(Soft as Ev'ning Zephyrs call,

Soft as shedding Roses fall)

Only from the Bow'r be heard

Where LAURINDA lies Interr'd.

Lo where Hymen's Self appears !

His Nuptial Taper quench'd in Tears,

His wither'd Wreath beside him flung :

See Cupid too (his Bow unstrung)

Engraving with a broken Dart

(In Characters of wondrous Art)

The Fair, the Wise, the Virtuous, and the True

While thus Enshrind her Ashes lye,
Her deathless Spirit mounts the Sky;
And is in solemn State, presented There
With Ariadne's Crown and Cassiopeia's Chair.

Too low, your Heav'n's too low, *Britannia* cries,
 My Saint is tow'rd where never *Muse* cou'd rise;
 And blest with Raptures, more Divine and True
 Than your *Apollo* ever gave or knew.

Ye Realms of Bliss (enrich'd at *Britain's* Cost)
 While gainers There, think what on Earth you lost!
 Since Death's rude Hand demolish'd that fair Shrine,
 See how the *Virtues* and the *Graces* pine.
 O Heav'n-born *Piety*! what tender Breast
 (Like Her's) will make thee now its early Guest;
 That Mansion fall'n, ah! whither wilt thou stray?
Devotion, who shall teach thee now to Pray?

To whom shall Meekness for Protection fly ;
 To whom shall shiv'ring Charity apply ?
 To whom shall now her Infant Orphans cry ?

See how around her Tomb they take their Stands,
 And wail, and sob, and wring their little Hands !
 Yet Fate this Prospect still of Comfort gives,
 Their Patroness's bright **EXAMPLE** lives.

This Thought, *LISANDER*, shou'd your Griefs
 (subdue,

And make your blasted Hopes to bloom anew.
 Celestial Pow'rs, when your accomplish'd Fair
 They form'd and finish'd with so nice a Care,
 To Earth so rich a Treasure never gave
 For Fate to hoard it in a thankless Grave.
 Believe not then your Beauteous Saint expir'd,
 But only to her Native Heav'n retir'd.

Mistake

Mistake not Courtesy for Disregard ;
 If Life's a Toil, and Death is Life's Reward,
 Sure, Nature's Tenderness is most express'd
 To Those whom Soonest she admits to Rest.

I know the Genius of excessive Grief
 Is to indulge Despair, and shun Relief ;
 But Heros from such Frailty shou'd be free ;
 Have Pity on your Self ;——at least on Me.
 Behold how TRIUMPH drops his flagging Wings ;
 Nor PEACE can taste the Blessings that she brings.
 You waste *My* Hours in Sorrow, while on You
 My Senatè calls——My Royal Guardian too !
 In *WILLIAM*'s Name our Visit is address'd,
 His Summons hear, and charm your Griefs to Rest.

So Pow'rful, fo Inspiring was the Sound
 Of *WILLIAM*'s Name, it shook the Hills around,
 And rais'd the Mourning Hero from the Ground.
 Who now the Bright Assembly did survey
 With such submissive Looks as seem'd to say——
 In Duty He his lov'd Despair wou'd quit,
 And to the Toils of *Joyless* Life submit.

F I N I S.

A
P O E M
ON THE
PROMOTION
OF SEVERAL
Eminent Persons
IN
CHURCH and STATE.

Written in the Year, 1694.

By N. TATE, Servant to their Majesties.

— *Magnum mihi panditur æquor,
Ipsaque Pierios lassant Proclivia Currus
LAUDIBUS innumeris.* — Claud.

C. E. M.

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To the Right Honourable

WILLIAM

EARL OF

PORTLAND,

Knight of the Most noble Order of the
GARTER, &c.

My Lord,

TIS properly the Business of a Poet,
to Celebrate the most exemplary
Characters of the Age and Coun-
try in which he lives.

The Epistle Dedicatory.

This was my Design in Collecting these Essays into a Volume, having found them not disapprov'd when singly Publish'd.

But having hitherto treated the Reader with Funeral Entertainments, it seem'd reasonable for me to annex the following List of Worthies, most of whom are living; and long may They yet Live, as it ought to be wish'd of all publick Blessings.

Wherefore there needs no Excuse for Presenting Your Lordship with this Poem; the Esteem You have for the Persons concern'd in it, and their just Respect for Your Lordship make it my Duty.

I will crave leave to add that it was likewise my Ambition and Inclination.

My

The Epistle Dedicatory.

My Lord,

'Tis no Wonder that Your Lordship should be Address'd by Poets: since the Thanks of all EUROPE are due to Your Extraordinary Services, which were only to be Accomplish'd by unweari'd Diligence and utmost Prudence in Management.

You have oblig'd Mankind by Your early and continu'd Fidelity to the Best of PRINCES, and Adventur'd the most eminent Dangers for the Preservation of his most Sacred Life.

You have been eminently Instrumental in a Universal Peace, promoting the Safety and Tranquility of Nations, and done Honour to Ours, by Supporting its Dignity and Grandieur in a glorious Embassie.

These

The Epistle Dedicatory.

*These and Other noble Instances will
Emblazon Your Character, and Signalize
Your Name in History, far beyond what-
ever can be said, by*

My Lord,

Your Lordship's

Most humble,

but devoted Servant,

N. Tate.

will
ize
at-

A
P O E M
ON THE
PROMOTIONS, &c.

THE
INTRODUCTION,
Address'd to the Right Honorable
CHARLES Earl of Dor-
set and Middlesex, &c.

My Lord,

WITH conscious Fear my Muse approaches You
Wit's ablest Judge, and best Example too.
In Modesty your sight she should decline ;
The only Barren Thing on which You shine !

To

*To Your's Aspiring, and her Countrey's Praise,
 Deserting Strength her ripe Design betrays.
 Yet see how Duty, with resistless Spells,
 To fresh Attempts a Loyal Heart Compels !
 Since Britain's Worthies their just Orbs sustain,
 And loud Applause resounds from ev'ry Plain ;
 Our British Bards the only silent Throng ;
 Rage hurry'd me on this advent'rous Song.
 But oh ! my Zeal forgot such Themes requir'd,
 The Force and Fury of a Breast Inspir'd.
 Yet these weak Streins may to a Nobler Flight
 Provoke those Muses whom they can't invite.
 To them shall, safely, Fame these Figures trust,
 Whose Lustre is in my dead Colours lost.
 How warmly They each Character shall trace,
 Set off with proper Lights and Native Grace !
 Then higher Soar, and urging their Success,
 Our great Augustus Court to life express ;*

*In which Illustrious Sphere, with Forms Divine,
 Shall our Agrippa and Mecænas Shine.
 That Work commenc'd, how pleas'd shall I Retire!
 And at just Distance silently Admire ;
 Content and Proud the Skilful to have mov'd,
 And see my rude Design so well improv'd.
 Ev'n so blind Chance, the Art of Musick found ;
 A rustling Wind amongst the Reeds did sound ;
 That Noise Instructed Sheperds first to Fraue
 The Tuneful Pipe, that since gave Sheperds Fame.]*

AS Joyful Nature, who till then lay mute,
 Did the first Sun's exalted Beams salute ;
 So Britain, rescu'd from the sullen Cloud
 That seem'd her new-created Face to throw'd,
 Beholds, at once Transported and Amaz'd,
 To proper Sphears her Brightest Planets rais'd.

Our Monarch, who best knew their Use and Pow'r
 Reserv'd their Influence for the Prosp'rous Hour :
 Whose Aspects now a strong Direction joins,
 When Tyranizing *Saturn's* Course declines.
 Thus Kings, whose Actions are to Heav'n ally'd,
 Like Providence, by Time are justify'd.
 Easy at Home their Task, when Peace combines
 With Pious Kings, and favours their Designs ,
 Ours, prest with War, and sinking *Europe's* Weight
 Finds Leisure to Adorn our *Church* and *State*.

NOW, like the Visionary Matron, rears
Ensebia her calm Forehead crown'd with Stars.
 O'rejoy'd her Consecrated Sons appear,
 (Those Sons that hold their Mother's Honour dear
 To see the Past'ral Chair by Him supply'd,
 For whom the Voice of Angels would decide.

In his Promotion Vice her Downfal read,
 She rav'd to find the *Mitre* on that Head :
 Her Venom swell'd to see, of Piety
 So Charming an Example plac'd so High;
 Whose Influence, her Fears presag'd, wou'd make
 The Age reform, and her dark Empire shake.
 Preferment sought Him, (Worthless Souls intrude,
 But Modest Merit must by Kings be woo'd.)
 He, slow consenting, to the Temple's Sway
 Aspir'd not, but did *Cæsar's* Will Obey.
 While *Cæsar* did, who only could, prescribe,
 He in meer Duty Rules the Sacred Tribe.
 His Moderation, Charity Divine,
 Led to this Choice our Gen'rous *Constantine*.
 Whose Genius, while the *Croſſer* there he plac'd,
 His own Hereditary Virtues grac'd.
 Whose Clemency mistaken Zeal does spare,
 To Conscience, Tender ; as to Crimes, Severe.
Cæsar,

Cæsar, these Charms can only Thrones sustain;
And you in These without a Rival Reign.

O Friend of Nations ! None you hold for Foes,
Except the Troublers of the World's Repose.

Just is your Cause ; oh ! may as Just Success
Attend Your Arms, till, You Mankind redress :
Till harras'd *Europe* safe at Rest is laid,
As slept first Mortals in their *Sylvan* shade.

The *Muse*, her Visit to the Temple paid,
Comes forth, where Peals of Joy her Ear invade.
What charming Pomp such Transports can create !
Lo ! *Sommers* with the Emblems of his State !
How justly, Heav'n, are now those Trophies born
Before such Worth, in suitable Return,
Adorning him, who *Britain* do's adorn !
A Poet's Genius should be all on Fire ;
What Extasies should his rais'd Soul inspire ?

When

'Twould beggar Thought and Language both, to raise
 The full proportion'd Tribute of his Praise.
 Whom, through all Provinces of Learning crown'd,
 Transcendent Virtues render more renown'd.
 Justice do's, visible, from Heav'n repair ;
 Unveil'd she comes, and takes with Him the Chair.

Next, were my Strength proportion'd to my
 (Zeal,

I'd sing the Guardian of the *Privy-Seal*.
 On *Pembroke*, what can Court or State confer
 Beyond his Knowledge, or his Virtue's Sphere ?
 Who, like the Sun, the higher he ascends,
 But further warms, and more his Beams extends.
 In Private Actions, as in Publick Trust,
 To Honour's Scheme so *regularly* just ;
 That his whole Soul but seems a Model, fram'd
 By those rare Arts in which his Skill is fam'd.

Whose

Whose Judgment the best Pencil can direct ;

In Symetry instruct the Architect.

Whose Rays can Light to Time's dark Relicts give,

And from the Grave Antiquity retrieve.

O Sacred Faculty ! whose Pow'r transcends

Life's Territories, and the Dead befriends.

Blest Genius ! who Past Ages can renew,

And Ours transmit to All that shall ensue.

Who ev'ry Science, and so early, gain'd,

As Heav'n Inspir'd, not Industry Obtain'd.

Vast Ocean, that from ev'ry Channel draws,

From Statesmen, Schools, Divine and Human Laws.

To Worth deprest, and injur'd Right, his Ear

Is ever open, and his Heart sincere.

O Piety ! O Truth without a Stain !

Reserv'd by Heav'n for *William's* Sacred Reign.

How, *Shrewsbury*, for thy Return to State,
 And once more condescending to be Great,
 Shall my weak *Muse* assume the mighty Tone?
 How eccho back the Joy by Nations shown,
 Whose Breath wants Compass to express her own?
 Yet Oh! would Strength with my Desires comply,
 My Song a *Dytherambick* Pitch should fly:
 Pursuing thy just Praises to the Skies,
 But they tow'r swift, and I want Wings to rise.
 Immortal Streins should *Cæsar's* Darling grace;
 The Worthiest Heir of *Talbot's* Noble Race.
 With gen'ral Thanks (for All your Absence mourn'd,
 We bless, at once, our Hopes and You return'd.
 So *Rome*, distress'd, in one united Swarm,
 Welcom'd her great Dictator from his Farm.

These Worthies, *Britain*, for thy Glory born,
 And Numbers more, thy happy Realm adorn.

Turn

Turn, turn your Eye to bright *Angusta's* Pile ;
 See how her Sons, see how her Fabricks smile.
 Ages were told by that Imperial Dame,
 Ere *Rome* determin'd her disputed Name.
 Who Tyrant-*Rome* in *Just* Renown excell'd,
 As far as *Thames* above the *Tyber* swell'd.
 Her Situation boasts no empty Height,
 No Barren Mountains to support her Weight :
 From *Thames* his Bank contented to look down,
 And see the Treasures of the World her own.
 Kind Stars could to her Blessings add no more,
 But to secure what they conferr'd before :
 'Tis done: —— Her Laws, her Rights by Publick
 (Voice
 Were fix'd, when *Ashburst* was her Guardian-Choice.
 All that her Hopes or utmost Wish could crave,
 She to her self in that Election gave,

'Twas Then Fate snatch'd the Wheel from For-
 tune's Hand,
 And charm'd it fast. --- Thus utt'ring her Command,
 At this Ascendant, my *Augusta*, — Stand.
 For whom should her Consenting Votes engage
 But *Ashurst* ? the *Fabricius* of our Age.
 Sprung from a Patriot-Race of old Renown,
 He centres all their Glories in his Own.
 On Him, with Measure unconfin'd, did fall,
 That Publick Spirit which inspir'd them All.
Augusta, to thy grateful Sons and Thee,
 For ever Sacred let his Trophies be ;
 The boldest Champion of your Liberty.
 For Peace can courage boast with Triumphs crown'd,
 That loud, as those obtain'd by War, resound :
 Whose Gilded Lawrels too, are full as good,
 In Fame's Esteem, as Laurels dy'd in Blood.

Him, in her Chair, the City finds so Just,
 That she repines 'tis but an Annual Trust:
 Which, by th' Effects of his Industrious Skill,
 Ev'n when Retir'd, he yet shall seem to Fill,
 His Methods and Example shall prevail,
 And Blessings on succeeding Reigns entail.
 For *Virtue*, that does lasting Fruit intend,
 And does, like His, its utmost Force extend,
 In One Year's space whole Ages can befriend.

Behold the hurry'ng Crowd from ev'ry Street
 Press to the *Thames* some Pageantry meet.
 Lo there in wondrous Pomp blue Tritons ride,
 And Sea-Nymphs entring with the swelling Tide.
 Advanc'd before our Senate-House, they call
 For *Ruffel*, their Victorious Admiral.

Envoys to him they come, and seem to say,
Neptune his ready Homage waits to pay,
 And *Thetis* grows impatient of his stay.
 Blessings attend your Counsels (thus they sing)
 Great *Britain's* Senate, may your Gen'rous Spring
 Of Tribute, for the Publick Safety, rise,
 As full and fast as ours the *Thames* supplies ;
 Who finds, in circling Trade, his just return,
 And blesses the Expences of his Urn.
 Let *Ruffel* still Command, and still the Main
 To *Britain* his old Duty shall retain ;
 Still serve the Isle, which he, embracing laves,
 With Loyalty as Ancient as his Waves.
 Whose full Assembly did your Votes resound,
 When You his Courage and his Conduct own'd.
 O Sea's great Hero ! to thy Fleet repair,
 And see the ready Harvest of thy Caré,

A cheerful Crew of Sailors doubly Fir'd,
 By Native Valour, and by You inspir'd :
 Through ev'ry Squadron plenteous Stores convey'd;
 Their Flags and Streamers Gallantly display'd.
 A flowing Tide and Winds presenting fair,
 Or will at least when *Ruffel* does appear.

French Pyrates snatch'd our Seas unguarded
 (Wealth,
 As *Cacus* the *Herculean* Herd, by Stealth :
 The Hero's Absence that advantage gave ;
 But he, returning, Sack'd the Robbers Cave.
 In vain the treach'rous Den with Rock was Barr'd,
 Which Fire and Smoak cou'd now no longer Guard.
 The Rest, secur'd by shameful Odds, Engage ;
Tourville alone cou'd boast a gen'rous Rage.
 Nor unrenown'd his glitt'ring *Sun* is sett,
 That *Ruffel*, and *Britannia's* Lightning met.

'Twas

'Twas Fame enough to dare, though forc'd to shrow'd
 Her vanquish'd Glories in a shelt'ring Cloud.
 With Terrors Threatning Pomp display'd they came,
 Tempest-resembling Fury, Noise, and Flame,
 Enough to have Astonish'd and O'rethrown
 A Foe, not Arm'd with greater of his Own.
 But urg'd the Fate that such Ptesumption crav'd,
 When, *Cæsar*, they your Naval Thunder Brav'd.
 So rash *Salmonæus*, while with *Jove* he Vy'd,
 Fell by that Thunderbolt, which he Defy'd.

From Sea, the *Muse* our distant Camp does view ;
 But drops her Wing o're charg'd with briny Dew.
 From her own *Britain* too, remov'd too far,
 Where *Cæsar* waits Fame's Summons to the War ;
 And *Ormond* (His, as *Cæsar Ormond's* Care)
 Prepares his Danger and Renown to share.

Whose

Whose Wounded Breast shall future Ages Charm,
 Together Sung with *William's* Wounded Arm.
 Shine Bright ye Stars, who kindly did divert
 The Piercing Ponyard from that Gen'rous Heart.
Muse, Crown his Brow, but make his Laurel wreath
 As Mild and Sweet, as Morning Roses Breath;
 Who Clemency to Courage reconciles,
 And in whose Face delighted Nature smiles.
 The Graces early Nurs'd whom they decreed
 Their former Darling *Ormond* to succeed;
 Illustrious *Ossory's* expiring Breath,
 To him his Fame and Virtues did bequeath.
 Thus to *Elysian* Fields the *Phoenix* Fled
 To his Successor leaves a Spicy Bed.
 The Royal Eagle, all the Noble Quire
 The Wondrous Heir of the *Sun's* Bird Admire.

From

From Fairy Land great *Spencers* Shade shall rise,
 And *Milton* from his Dream of Paradise ;
 To Charm the *Boyne*, and then the *Shannon's* Stream,
William their First, and *Talmasb* their next Theme.

Of Num'rous Worthies more our Lists can boast ;
 But who has Breath to Count the Starry Host ?
 The *Muse* who can that *Galaxie* recite,
 May too the Princely *Constellation* Write,
 Whom *Britain's Jupiter*, Presiding, draws,
 And joins their Aspects in the Common Cause.
 The Cause that *Europe's* Heroes did employ,
 Of old Combining to demolish *Troy*.
 For *Helen's* Rape, that Arm'd the Pow'rs of *Greece*
 Was but a Type of Violated Peace,
 'Tis fix'd — Behold the happy promis'd Day
 Already Plum'd, and on his Glorious Way,

With

With Triumphs charg'd, that shall once more invite
 The gen'rous *Muse* that Sung the *Boyne*, to Write.
 Themes Sacred, and by Fame reserv'd intire
 For *Montagne's* inimitable Fire :
 Fancy that can to Clouds of Smoke give Light,
 And trace a Hero through the dusky Fight.
 Oh ! if, for such exalted Themes and Witt,
 His Country's *Service* Leisure cou'd permit,
 Not Summer-Breezes wou'd delight us mote,
 Nor Waves that gently break upon the Shore.
 But since a Nobler Sphear of *Publick Good*,
 (By None more lov'd, or better Understood)
 Such Industry and Judgment must engross,
 The *Muses* (touch'd with Sense of their own Loss
 And Publick welfare) after long Debate,
 'Twixt Grief and Joy resign him to the State.

F I N I S.

With the same spirit of devotion and

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